10: Viski E-4, 5 (no date) 1932 EC1 Hungary EC1

765 music and dance filled the house and the feasting guests enjoyed themselves until the early morning hours with the father of the deceased bride of Heaven.

According to one evidence in the 17th century there still existed a special dance of the dead, or «death dance», in which the deceased was also represented.

At a funeral feast the popularized church song «The Wedding of Kanaan» was usually sung; this is one of its many verses:

Let us pray to God that we shall rejoice
When we'll announce our wedding,
Without good wine, and without pipes
It is as senseless as a dance without hops.

In olden times the «marriage dance» of the death wedding was performed by the grave, but later on, in consequence of Church prohibitions, only just inside the graveyard gate, and at last only outside it. The farewell song of a dead girl details fully the analogy between an earthly and a heavenly wedding. The following lines illustrate this best:

My priest is my father
And my good minister.
The choirmaster who sings
Is my best man and my witness.
My bridesmaids are
The spades and hoes here used.
Such is my wedding!

In some parts they beg leave to give the deceased girl away, using the same words as for a live bride.

765 822 To-day the colour of mourning is usually black, but there are districts where it is still white, purple, blue or some other colour. The ghost rising from its grave also appears in a white garment in the world of the living. The bearers of a dead girl in many parts dress in white; in a

765 822 few villages the mourning women tie a white linen band onto their forehead. Many a folk song, which is still sung to this day, preserves old popular customs:

> While I live, I'll dress in black,
> When I'm dead, I'll walk in white...

Or another one:

> Mother dear!
> Find my white dress,
> I'm starting on a journey
> From which I shan't return.

Even older memories are referred to in this folk song:

> I'd rather mourn for her in three colours of mourning:
> On Friday in red,
> On Saturday in white,
> On Sunday in dead black...

765 There are places where the funeral feast is repeated at certain regular intervals. At this feast they lay a place for the deceased, crossing his knife with his fork, and putting his turned up plate on top of them, while his chair is left empty. According to a local custom when the wailing Hungarian mourners of Moldavia are offered brandy and bread, they always lift their glass and wish that the dead could also share in their drink.

775 According to the Funeral Speech (a historic relic from the 12th century we are dust and ashes... But according to the still live faith of our ancient religion: non omnis moriar... We shall rise again. And our people believe faithfully that we do not even die, our soul merely flies to a new world, to start a new life.

764 The crosses in the graveyard are decorated with resounding inscriptions invented either by the master carver himself, or if he has no poetic vein, then another village professional, the verse composer writes them. These inscrip-